

(1)
A Great NOISE About NOTHING:
Or THE Eng. Patriarch
CHURCH'S DANGER.
A SATYR.

OF all the *Cheats* and *Shams* that have of late
Shock'd our Religion, and Imbroyl'd our State,
None more abuse and leave Us in the Lurch
Than that *False Cry* of Danger of the Church:
'Tis this *Deluding Sound* that fills our Ears;
'Tis this alone keeps up our groundless Fears,
As in the former Reigns, and tho' at last
Kind Heaven an Eye upon our Bondage cast,
And opportunely to our Rescue sent:
It plagues Us still, and clogs our Settlement,
Alas! the Church! that, that's the common Cry,
When Int'rest give that *Sham Presence* the Lye.
For whilst the Letter, in our Ears do ring,
The *Cabala* is quite another thing.

Some by Church mean nothing but the Building,
The stately Outside, and the Inside Gilding,
The Pews, the Pulpit, Chancel and the Steeple,
Not reckoning the Essential Part, *the People*;
But think a Fabrick with a spacious Porch,
And Ring of Bells, is a Right Christian Church.
This is a Notion which the *Mob* receive,
Which Knaves Invent, and only Fools Believe:
But those that to the Test their Reasons bring,
Know that the Church is quite another thing.

Some mean by Church down-right Debauchery,
(For tho' the Church abhors such Villany)
Yet when a *Sot* or *Bully*, raking from
Tavern or *Brothel*, to a Church doth come
Mumbling his *Orisons*, without regard
To Charm his Conscience, more than to be heard,
That he may sin again with greater Gust,
(*As Turks by Opium fortify their Lust*)
Then O! the Church! the Church! that Sacred Name,
Must serve to hallow his impurer Flame,
Cancel old Sins, and qualify for new,
Give Absolution, and a Licence too.



So when he hugs the Sanctuary Walls,
 Himself a *Saint*, the *Malefactor* calls,
 Christens his Fear, and vows the Sacred Stone
 Has turned his *Flight* into *Devotion*:
 So *Temples* were by *Heathens* made their *Stews*,
 And Dens of Thieves and Robbers by the *Jews*:
 So *Ely's* Sons, who at the very *Dores*
 Of the Assembly. made the Women Wh---res,
 Were *Churchmen* too; but to the Church's cost,
 For by *Such Churchmen*, soon the *Ark* was lost,
 Others, by Name of Church do signify
 A mere mis-placed Zeal, and Bigottry
 Of Rites and Ceremonies; and those too
 The very worst and meanest of the Crew;
 Such as perhaps the Church could better spare,
 And more her *Blame* than her *Beauty* are.
 Live as you list; this Man doth not regard;
 Infringe her Doctrin too, he is not stirr'd:
 But touch a *Surplice*, or an Eastern Nod,
 You wound his Darling, and blaspheme his God.
 Ask him but whence unlighted Candles came,
 And streight the Man himself is in a Flame;
 Speak but against the *Cross*, he'll read your Doom,
 That you deserve to hang in **Gefma's* room;
 What *most* is scrupl'd, he still values *most*,
 And rather would have all *Dissenters* lost,
 Than Old Translations should be New Refitted,
 Or *Tobit* and his *Dog* should be Omitted:
 He joys when Service is in Chancels Read,
 Tho' half the People hear not what is said;
 Admires an *Organ*, tho' he needs must know,
 That when that Heavenly *Boreas* doth Blow,
 The Sense is often murder'd by the Sound,
 And many a Psalm feloniously is Drown'd;
 And if you do but *lisp* of Alteration,
 Then streight *Vox Cleri* must Alarm the Nation;
 You pull the Church down, for 'twill surely fall,
 If you but pick one *Pebble* from the Wall,
 Or tho' you never move the smallest Stone,
 'Tis *Sacrilege* to pull the *Ivy* down:
 Or if you chance to lean against the *Porch*,
 You are a R---, there's danger to the Church.---

* *Gefma*, The Thief that ravi'd our Saviour on the *Cross*.

So Dancing Masters walk the Streets by Rules,
 Whilst all the World proclaims them Formol Fools;
 Others by Church mean only good Employs,
 High State-Preferment, and Fat Salaries;
 Gold is the thing that doth confer Church Graces,
 And that's their Church that gives the richest Places:
 But when you talk of putting of them by,
 And don't directly give the Reason why,
 And they no longer can the *Mammon* scrape,
 Then they cry out aloud, *A Rape, a Rape.*
 They stretch their Throats, and by their tedious Bawling,
 Would make the World believe the Church is falling.

A Fifth, by Church mean Persecution,
A Right Church Militant, with Sword and Gun;
 A Church that Governs more by Fear than Love,
 And more hath of the *Eagle* than the *Dove*:
 A Church that into Swords doth bear her *Shares*,
 And all her *Pruning-hooks* converts to *Spears*.
 " Ah! (say they) could we hunt them but to Death,
 " By Five and Thirtieth of *Elizabeth*,
 " And plague them by Imprisonments or Fine,
 " Until we had compell'd them to come in;
 " 'Twere Brave indeed! but that is lay'd asleep,
 " And which is still a wound more wide and deep,
 " A Free and Legal *Tolleration*
 " Is given to all that do her Doctrines own:
 " What Help remains, the Church doth gasping lye,
 " And all is left beyond Recovery.

But hold, Sir, Is't impossible to save
 The Church alive, and keep her from the Grave,
 Unless these *Steel Prescriptions* we have?
 Pray tell us how in Ages *Primitive*,
She made a Shift to keep her self alive,
 And flourishing too; or else resolve me how
 All Pious Pastors hold up Churches now,
 But by Preaching and good Life? and so may you.
 Most Men are not so giddy as to scorn,
 Good Sermons more at Church than in a Barn,
 Or think a Heavenly Life less fair doth look,
 Under a Gown and Cassock than a Cloak.
 But if you rather choose to prop your Cause,
 By violent and compulsory Laws,
 Which is *Dragonage* in the Best Edition,
 Our Younger Brother to an *Anglican*

You soon will meet the Fate of *Tyranny*,
Hated to live, and soon unpitty'd die.

The last of these, with Ecclesiastick Jerkin,
Doth by the Church at *Bottom* mean young *Perkin*,
Let one that's true to *Anna's* Interest,
Altho' as good a Churchman as the best,
Attempt to stand at an Election;
Whip! he's a *Wig*, the Church is quite undone.
But for a Trusty Spark that secretly
Drinks *Lewis*, when he knows his Company,
They'll rend the *Welkin* with their bellowing Cry. }
There needs no *Oedipus* to unriddle this,
For Church the Fable, *Pope* the Moral is.

But if you think *Perkin* is indeed your Friend,
And that your Church he'll mightily defend,
Then pray, to do Old *Lewis* right, remember,
Give him the Title of your *Faith's* Defender:
Tell him how strangely you are here oppress'd,
Beg him to send you all his Fleet from *Brest*;
This would resolve the Question, Whether you
For *Church* or *Pope*, make all this great Ado:
And who must pay him his expended Pelf,
Or if his Worship would not pay himself,
And ballancing the Charge against the Gains,
Rescue your Church, and take it for his Pains.
Thus if the Name of *Church* must hide the *Knave*,
As once the *Ark* did *Toads* and *Vipers* save,
Your Church that now is far from *Ruin's* brink,
Sav'd in a Storm, will in the Harbour sink.
But those good Men, which you like *Heathens* treat,
Are your best Friends, if you had Sense to see't:
Lay but your Passion and your Heat aside,
And strip your selves of Prejudice and Pride;
Not byas'd by a headstrong giddy Croud,
Whose Talent is to be Prophanes and Loud,
You'll quickly find the *Church* from Danger free,
When you can Hers and your own Interest see:
Clear but the *Church* of persecuting Rigour,
The *Church* will flourish in full Strength and Vigour;
No help need you e're ask from *France* or *Rome*,
Could you be quiet with your Friends at Home,
And not for *NOTHING* make this Great Ado.
The *Church* would stand, and all her *Sceptles* too.

